



FID ESS A.

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SONNET LI I.

T is some comfort to the wronged man.
 The wronger, of injustice to
 upbraid. Justly myself, herein I
 comfort can,
 And justly call her " An ungrateful
 maid ! " Thus am I pleased to rid
 myself of crime,
 And stop the mouth of all-reporting
 fame ; Counting my greatest cross,
 the loss of time,
 And all my private grief, her public
 shame. Ah, (but to speak the truth)
 hence are my cares.
 And in this comfort, all discomfort
 resteth ; My harms I cause (her
 scandal) unawares,
 Thus love procures the thing that love
 detesteth. For he that views the glasses
 of my smart Must needs report " She
 hath a flinty heart! "



SONNET LI I I.

WAS a King of sweet Content at least;
 But now from out my Kingdom
 banished ! I was chief guest at fair Dame
 Pleasure's feast;
 But now I am for want of succour
 famished ! I was a saint, and heaven was
 my rest;
 But now cast down into the
 lowest hell! Vile caitiffs may not
 live among the blest!
 Nor blessed men, amongst cursed
 caitiffs dwell! Thus am I made an exile,
 of a King.
 Thus choice of meats, to want of food is
 changed*, Thus heaven's loss doth
 hellish torments bring.
 Self crosses make me from myself
 estranged. Yet am I still the same,
 but made another !
 Then not the same ! Alas, I am no
 other!